THE

Crowne Garland

OF

Golden Roſes:

Gathered out of Englands

Royall Garden.

Set forth in many pleaſant

new Songs and Sonets:

With new additions neuer

before Imprinted.

Diuided into two Parts

By

Richard Iohnſon.

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To the Tune of When flying Fame.

When Yorke and Lancaster made war,
within this famous Land,
The liues of Englands royall Peeres
did much in danger stand.
Seuen English Kings in bloudy fields,
for Englands Crowne did fight:
In which their heires were all, but twaine,
of liues bereaued quite.

Then thirty thousand Englishmen
were in one battell slaine:
Yet could not all this English bloud
a setled peace obtaine.

Forfathers kind their children kill'd,
and sonnes their fathers slew,
Yea kinsmen fought against their kinds,
and not each others knew.

At last by Henries lawfull claime,
the wasting warre had end,
For Englands peace he soone reform'd,
and did the same defend.
For Tyrant Richard nam'd the third,
chiefe breeder of this woe,
By him was slaine neere Leicester Towne,
as Chronicles doe shew.

All feares of warre he thus exil'd,
which joy'd each Englishman:
And dayes of long desired peace,
within the Land began.
He rul'd this Kingdome by true love,
to cheare his subiects lives,
For every one had daily joy
and comfort of their wives.

King Henry had such a Princely care
our further peace to frame,
Tooke faire Elizabeth to wife,
that gallant Norfolk Dame.
Fourth Edwards daughter (blest of God)

to

toſcape King Richards ſpight,
Was thus made Englands peereleſſe Queene,
and Henries hearts delight.

Thus Henry firſt of Tudors name,
and Lancaſter the laſt,
With Yorkes right heire a true-loues knot,
did linke and tie full faſt.
Renowned Yorke the White Roſe gaue,
braue Lancaſter the Red,
By Wedlocke here conioyn'd to grow
both in one Princely bed.

Theſe Roſes ſprang and budded faire,
and carried ſuch a grace,
That Kings of England in their Armes
afford them worthy place.
And flourith may thoſe Roſes long,
that all the world may tell,
The owners of theſe Princely flowers
in vertues doe excell.

To glorifie theſe Roſes more,
King Henry and his Queene,
Firſt plac'd their Pictures in red gold,
moſt gorgeous to be ſeene. (ſame
The Kings owne Guard now weares the
vpon their backes and breſt,

Where loue and loyalty remaines,
and euermore shall rest.

The Red Rose on the backe is plac'd,
thereon a crowne of gold,
The White Rose on the brest as braue
and costly to behold,
Bedeckt most rich with siluer Studs,
on coats of Scarlet red,
A blushing hue, which Englands fame
now many a yeare hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantaginet,
these honours first deuized,
To welcome long desired peace,
with vs so dearely prized.
A peace that now maintained is
by Charles our Royall King:
For peace brings plenty to the Land,
with euery blessed thing.

To speake againe of Henries praise,
his Princely liberall hand
Gaue gifts and graces many wayes,
vnto this famous Land.
For which the Lord him blessings sent,
and multiplied his store,
In that he left more wealth to vs,
than any King before.

For firſt his ſweet and louely Queene,
a ioy aboue the reſt,
Brought him both ſons and daughters faire
to make his Kingdome bleſt.
The Royall bloud that was at ebbe,
ſo increaſed by his Queene,
That Englands heires vnto this day
doe flouriſh faire and greene.

The firſt faire bleſſing of his ſeed,
was Arthur Prince of Wales,
Whoſe vertues to the Spaniſh Court,
quite ore the Ocean ſailes:
There Ferdinand the King of Spaine,
his daughter Katherine gaue
For wife vnto the Engliſh Prince,
a thing that God would haue.

Yet Arthur in his loftie youth,
and blooming time of age,
Submitted meekely his ſweet life,
to deaths impartiall rage.
Who dying ſo, no iſſue left,
the ſweet of natures ioy,
When compaſt England round with griefe,
and Spaine with ſad annoy.

King Henries ſecond comfort prou'd
a Henry of his name:

In following time eight Henry call'd
a King of noble fame.
He conquered Bulloigne with his sword,
with many Townes in France,
His manly might and fortitude,
did Englands fame aduance.

He Popish Abbeyes first suppressed,
and Papistrie pull'd downe:
And bound their lands by Parliament
vnto his Royall Crowne.
He had three children by three wiues,
all Princes reigning here,
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth,
a Queene belou'd most deare.

These three sweet branches bare no fruit,
God no such toy did send,
Through which the Kingly Tudors name
in England here had end.
The last Plantaginet that liu'd,
was nam'd Elizabeth,
Elizabeth last Tudor was,
the greatest Queene on earth.

Seuenth Henry yet we name againe,
whose Grace gaue free consent,
To haue his daughters married both,

to Kings of high descent.
Margaret the eldest of the twaine,
was made great Scotlands Queene,
As wise, as faire, as vertuous,
as ere was Lady seene.

From which faire Queene our Royall King
by lineall course descendeth,
And rightfully enioyes that Crowne,
which God now still befriendeth.
For Tudor and Plantaginet,
by yeelding vnto death,
Haue made renowned Stewards name,
the greatest vpon earth.

His younger daughter Mary call'd,
as Princely in degree,
Was by her Father worthy thought
the Queene of France to be.
And after to the Suffolke Duke,
was made a noble wife,
Where in the famous English Court,
she led a vertuous life.

King Henry and his louing Queene,
reioyc'd to see the day,
To haue their children thus aduanc'd
with honours euery way.

Which

Which purchaſt pleaſure and content,
with many yeares delight:
Till ſad miſchance by cruell death,
procur'd them both a ſpight.

The Quéene that faire and Princely Dame
that Mother méeke and milde,
To adde more number to her ioyes,
againe grew big with Childe.
All which brought comfort to her King,
againſt which carefull hower,
He lodg'd his deare kind-hearted Quéene
in Londons ſtately Tower:

That Tower which prou'd ſo fatall once
to Princes of degrée,
Prou'd fatall to this noble Quéene,
for therein died ſhe.
In Childe-bed loſt ſhe her ſwéet life,
her life eſtéem'd ſo deare,
Which had béene Englands louing Quéene,
full many a happie yeare.

The King herewith poſſeſt with griefe,
ſpent many months in mone,
And daily ſigh'd and ſaid that he
like her could finde out none:
For none could he in fancie chooſe,

to

to make his wedded wife.
Therefore a widdower would remaine,
the remnant of his life.

His after-dayes he ſpent in peace,
and quietneſſe of minde:
Like King and Quéene as theſe two were,
the world can hardly finde.
Our King and Quéene yet like to them,
in vertue and true loue,
Haue heauenly bleſſings in like ſort,
from heauenly powers aboue.

A delightfull Song of the foure famous Feaſts of England, the one of them ordained by King *Henry* the ſeuenth, to the honour of Merchant-Taylors, ſhewing how ſeuen Kings haue beene free of that Company, and now laſtly graced with the loue of our renowned Prince *Henry* of Great Britaine.

To the Tune of Treatons toy.

ENgland is a Kingdome,
of all the world admired,
More ſtatelineſſe in pleaſures,
can no way be deſired.

The

The Court is full of brauery,
the Citie ſtor'd with wealth,
The Law preſerueth vnitie,
the Countrey keepeth health.

Yet no like pompe and glory
our Chronicles record,
As foure great Feaſts of England,
doe orderly afford.
All others be but Dinners call'd,
or Banquets of good ſort,
And none but foure be named Feaſts,
which here I will report.

Saint Georges Feaſt the firſt of all,
maintained is by Kings:
Where much renowne and royalty,
thereof now daily rings.
Princes come from forren Lands,
to be Saint Georges Knights,
The golden Garter thus is worne
by ſundry worthy wights.

Saint George our Engliſh Champion,
in moſt delightfull ſort,
Is celebrated yeare by yeare
in Englands royall Court.
The King with all his noble traine

in

in gold and rich array,
Still glorifies the festiuall
of great Saint Georges day.

The honour'd Maior of London
the second feast ordaines,
By which the worthy Citizen,
much commendation gaines:
For Lords and Iudges of the Land,
and Knights of good request,
To Guild-hall come to countenance
Lord Maior of Londons Feast.

Also the Sergeants of the Law
another Feast affords,
With grace and honour glorifi'd,
by Englands noble Lords.
And this we call the Sergeants Feast,
a third in name and place,
But yet there is a fourth likewise,
deserues a gallant grace.

The Merchant-Taylors Company,
the fellowship of fame,
To Londons lasting dignitie,
liues honoured with the same.
A gift King Henry the seuenth gaue,
kept once in three yeares still,

Where

Where gold and gownes be to poze men
giuen by King Henries will.

Full many a good fat Bucke be sent,
the fairest and the best,
The Kings large Forrests can afford,
to grace this worthy Feast.
A Feast that makes the number iust,
and last account of foure,
Therefore let England thus report,
of Feasts there be no more.

Then let all London Companies,
so highly in renowne,
Giue Merchant-Taylors name and fame,
to weare the Lawrell Crowne.
For seuen of Englands Royall Kings,
thereof haue all beene free:
And with their leaues and fauours grac'd
this worthy Company.

King Richard once the second nam'd,
vnhappie in his fall,
Of all these race of Royall Kings
was Freeman first of all.
Bollingbrooke, fourth Henry next,
by order him succeeds,
To glorifie this Brotherhood,
by many Princely deeds.

Fifth

Fift Henry, which so valiantly
deserued fame in France,
Became free of this Company,
faire London to aduance.
Sirt Henry then the next in raigne,
though luckleſſe in his dayes,
Of Merchant-taylors Free-man was,
to their eternall praiſe.

Fourth Edward that right worthy King,
belou'd of great and ſmall,
Also perform'd a Free-mans love,
to this renowned Hall.
Third Richard which by cruelty
brought England many woes,
Vnto this worthy Company
no little fauour ſhewes.

But richeſt fauours yet at laſt
proceéded from a King,
Whoſe wiſdome round about the world
in Princes eares doth ring.
King Henry whom we call the ſeuenth,
made them the greateſt graced:
Becauſe in Merchant-taylors Hall
his Picture now ſtands placed.

Their Charter was his Princely gift,
maintained to this day:

He added Merchant to the name
of Taylors, as some say,
So Merchant-taylors they be call'd,
his royall loue was so:
No London Company the like
estate of Kings can show.

From time to time, we thus behold
the Merchant-taylors glory,
Of whose renowne the Muses pens
may make a lasting story.
This loue of Kings begot such loue
of our now royall Prince:
For greater loue than this to them
was nere before nor since.

It pleased so his Princely mind
in meeke kinde courtesie,
To be a friendly free-man made,
of this braue Company.
O London then in heart reioyce,
and Merchant-taylors sing
Forth praises of this gentle Prince,
the sonne of our good King.

To tell the welcomes to the world,
he then in London had,
Might fill vs full of pleasing ioyes,
and make our hearts full glad.

His triumphs there perform'd and done,
long lasting will remaine,
And Chronicles report aright
The order of it plaine.

The lamentable song of the Lord *Wigmoore*. Governour of Warwicke Castle, and the faire maid of Dunsmoore: as a warning to all maids to have a care how they yeeld to the wanton delights of young Gallants.

To the Tune of Diana.

IN Warwick-shire there stands a towne,
And Dunsmoore heath it hath to name;
Adioyning to a Country towne,
made famous by a Painters name.
Faire Isabel she called was,
A shepherds daughter, bas borne,
To Wigmoores eare her fame did passe,
as he in Warwicke Castle lay.
Poore loue-sicke Lord, inamorato,
Upon her fame set his delight,
And thought much pleasure sure did lie,
possessing of so sweet a wight.
Therefore to Dunsmore he repaires
To recreate his sickly mind,
Where in a Summers morning faire
his chance was Isbel to finde:
She sate a milking vnder greene,

Most richly spred with smelling flowers,
And by a Riuer she was seene,
to spend away some euening howers.
There sate this Maiden all alone,
Washing her selfe in secret wise:
Which Virgin faire to loke vpon,
did much delight his louing eyes.
She thinking not to be espied,
Had laid from her her countrey tire,
The tresses of her haire vntide,
hung glistring like the golden wire:
And as the flakes of winters snow,
That lye vnmelted on the plaines,
So white her body was in show,
like siluer spring did run her veines.
He rauisht with this pleasant sight,
Stood as a man amazed still,
Suffring his eyes to take delight,
that neuer thought they had their fill:
She blinded his affections so,
That reasons rules were led away,
And loue the coales of lust did blow,
which to a fire soone flamed hye.
And though he knew the sinne was great,
Yet burned he within his brest
With such a vehement scorching heat,
that none but she could lend him rest.
Lord Wigmore thus being drowned in lust

By liking of this daintie Dame:
He cald a seruant of great trust,
inquiring straight what was her name.
She is (quoth he) no married wife,
But a shepherds daughter as you see,
And with her father leads her life,
whose dwellings by these pastures be.
Her name is Isabel the faire,
Then stay, quoth he, and speake no more,
But to my Castle straight her beare,
her sight hath wounded me full sore.
Thus to Lord Wigmoore she was brought,
Who with delight his fancies fed,
And through his suit such meanes he wrought,
that he intic'd her to his bed.
This being done incontinent,
She did returne from whence she came,
And euery day she did inuent
to couer her receiued shame.
But ere three months were fully past,
Her crime committed plaine appeares:
Unto Lord Wigmoore then in haste,
she long complain'd with weeping teares.

The complaint of faire *Isabel*, for the losse of her honour, at the end whereof she slew her selfe. *To the same Tune.*

LOrd Wigmoore thus I haue declar'd,

And ſpotted my pure virgins bed:
Behold I am conceiu'd with childe,
to which vile folly you me led.
For now this deed that I haue wrought,
Thorowout this Country well is knowne,
And to my wofull parents brought,
who now for me doe make great mone.
How ſhall I loke them in the face,
When they my ſhameleſſe ſelfe ſhall ſee:
Oh curſed Eue I feele thy caſe,
wen thou hadſt taſted on the tree.
Thou hidſt thy ſelfe, and ſo muſt I,
But God thy treſpaſſe quickly found,
No darke may hid me from Gods eye,
but leaue my ſhame ſtill to abound.
Wide open are mine eyes to loke,
Upon my lad and heaue ſinne:
And quite vnclaſped is the booke,
where my accounts are written in.
This ſinne of mine deſerueth death,
Be Judge Lord Wigmoore, I am ſhe:
For I haue trod a ſtrumpets path,
and for the ſame I núrſs muſt die.
Beſpotted with reproachfull ſhame,
To ages following ſhall I be:
And in Records be writ my blame,
Lord Wigmoore this is long of thee.
Lord Wigmoore proſtrate at thy foot,

I craue my iuſt deſerued doome,
That death may cut all from the roote,
This body, bloſſome, branch and bloome,
Let modeſtie accuſe this crime,
Let loue, and law, and nature ſpeake:
Was euer any wretch yet ſeene,
that in one inſtant all did breake:
Then Wigmoore iuſtice on me ſhew,
That thus conſented to this act:
Giue me my death, for death is due
to ſuch as ſinne in ſuch a fact.
Oh that the woombe had beene my graue,
Or I had periſht in my birth:
Or that ſame day may darkneſſe haue,
Wherein I firſt drew vitall breath.
Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the Sunne vpon it ſhine:
Let miſtie darkneſſe on it fall,
for to make knowne this ſinne of mine.
The night wherein I was conceiu'd,
Let be accurſt with mournefull cries:
Let twinckling ſtarres from ſkies bereau'd
and clouds of darkneſſe thereon riſe,
Becauſe they ſhut not vp the powers,
That gaue the paſſage to my life
Come ſorrow, finiſh vp mine howers,
and let my time here end in griefe.

And hauing made this woefull mone,
A knife she snatched from her side,
Where Lucrece part was rightly shewne,
for with the same fatre Isabel dy'd.
Hereat Lord Wigmoore grieued sore
In heart, repenting his amisse,
And after would attempt no more
to crop the flower of maidens blisse.
But liued long in woefull wise,
Till death did finish vp his dayes:
And now in Isabels graue he lies,
till iudgement comes them both to raise.

A Song of Sir *Richard Whittington*, who by strange fortunes came to bee thrice Lord Maior of London, with his bountifull gifts and liberalitie given to this honourable Citie.

To the Tune of Daintie come thou to me.

HEre must I tell the praise
of worthy Whittington,
Knowne to be in his dayes
thrice Maior of London.
But of poore parentage,
borne was he, as we heare,
And in his tender age,
bred vp in Lancashire.

Poorely to London then,

came vp this ſimple lad:
Where with a Merchant man,
ſone he a dwelling had:
And in a Kitchin plac'd,
a Scullion for to be,
Whereas long time he paſt
in labour drudgingly.

His daily ſeruice was
turning ſpits at the fire,
And to ſcoure pots of braſſe;
for a poore Scullions hire.
Meat and drinke all his pay,
of coyne he had no ſtore:
Therefore to runne away
in ſecret thought he bore.

So from this Merchant man,
Whittington ſecretly,
Towards his Country ran,
to purchaſe liberty:
But as he went along,
in a faire Summers morne,
London Belles ſweetly rung,
Whittington backe returne.

Euermore ſounding ſo,
turne againe Whittington,

For thou in time shalt grow
Lord Maior of London.
Whereupon backe againe
Whittington came with speed,
A Prentice to remaine,
as the Lord had decreed

Still blessed be the bells,
This was his daily song,
They my good fortune tells,
most sweetly haue they rung.
If God so fauour mee,
I will not proue vnkinde:
London my loue shall see,
and my large bounties finde.

But see his happy chance,
this Scullion had a Cat,
Which did his state aduance,
and by it wealth he gat.
His Master ventred forth,
to a Land farre vnknowne,
With Merchandize of worth,
as is in stories showne.

Whittington had no more,
but his poore Cat as than,
Which to the ship he bore,

like

like a braue Merchant man,
Aentring the same, quoth he,
I may get store of gold,
And Mayor of London be,
as the bells haue me told.

Whittingtons Merchandize
carried was to a Land,
Troubled with Rats and Mice,
as they did vnderstand.
The King of that country there,
as he at dinner sate,
Daily remain'd in feare,
of many a Mouse and Rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay
No way they could keepe safe,
But by Rats borne away,
fearing no wand nor staffe,
Whereupon some they brought,
Whittingtons nimble Cat,
Which by the King was brought,
heapes of gold giuen for that.

Home againe came these men,
with their Ship loaden so:
Whittingtons wealth began
by this Cat thus to Grow.

of Scul-

Scullions life he forsoke,
to be a Merchant good:
And soone began to looke
how well his credit stood.

After this he was chose
Shrife of this Citie here:
And then full quickly rose
higher, as did appeare.
For to this Cities praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his dayes
thrice Maior of London.

More his fame to aduance,
thousands he lent his King,
To maintaine warres in France,
glory from thence to bring:
And after at a Feast
which he the King did make,
Burn'd the bonds all in iest,
and would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gaue
To his Prince willingly,
And would no peny haue
for this kinde courtesie.
As God thus made him great,

so

so would he daily see
Poore people fed with meat,
to shew his charitie.

Prisoners poore cherisht were,
widowes sweet comfort found:
God deeds both farre and neere,
of him doe still resound.
Whittingtons College is
one of his charities;
Records reporteth this
to lasting memories.

Newgate he builded faire
for Prisoners to live in:
Christs Church he did repaire,
Christian love for to win.
Many more such like deeds
were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort breeds
to such as looke thereon.

Lancashire thou hast bred
this flower of charity:
Though he be gone and dead,
yet lives he lastingly.
Those bells that bid him go,
Turne againe Whittington,

Call

Call you backe many moe,
to liue so in London.

The life and death of the great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely end for the consenting to the deposing of the two gallant young Princes, King Edward the fourths Children.

To the Tune of Shores wife.

A Tale of griefe I must vnfold,
a tale that neuer yet was told:
A tale that might to pity moue
the Spirits below and Saints aboue.

When wars did plague this maiden Land,
great Buckingham in grace did stand,
With Kings and Quienes he ruled so,
when he said I, none durst say no.
Great Glosters Duke that walkt the throne
with blood of Kings to make't his owne,
By Henry Staffords helpe obtaind,
what reason wild to be restraind.

If any Noble of this Land
against great Glosters ayme did stand,
Old Buckingham with might and power,
in seas of woes did him deuoure.

He hop'd when Richard was made King,
he would much greater honours bring
To Buckingham and to his name,
and well reward him for the same.

In Clarence death he had a hand,
and gainst King Edwards Queen did stand,
And to her sonnes bore little loue,
when he as Bastards would them proue.

King Edward swore him by his oath,
in true allegiance to them both,
Which if I faile, I wish, quoth he,
all Christians curse may light on me.

It so fell out on All Soules day,
by law his life was tane away:
He had his wish though not his will,
for treasons end is alwayes ill.

In London having pleaded claime,
and Richard thereby won the game:
He challeng'd honour for his gaine,
but was rewarded with disdaine.

On which disgrace within few houres,
great Buckingham had rais'd his powers,
But all in vaine, the King was strong,

and

and Stafford néeds muſt ſuffer wrong.

His armie fail'd and durſt not ſtand
vpon a Traytors falſe command:
Being thus deceiu'd, old Stafford fled,
and knew not where to hide his head.

The King with ſpéed to haue him found,
did offer full two thouſand pound:
Thus Richard ſought to caſt him downe,
whoſe wit did win him Englands Crowne.

The plaine old Duke his life to ſaue,
of his owne man did ſuccour craue,
In hope that he would him releeue,
that lats much land to him did giue.

Baſe Baniſter this man was nam'd,
by this vile déed for euer ſham'd:
It is (quoth he) a common thing,
to iniure him that wrong'd his King.

King Edwards children he betraid,
the like gainſt him I will haue plaid:
Being true my heart him greatly grac'd,
but proouing falſe, that loue is paſt.

Thus Baniſter his Maſter ſold

vnto

vnto his foe hire of gold:
But marke his end, and rightly see
the iust reward of trechery.

The Duke by law did lose his blood,
for him he sought to doe most good:
The man that wrought his Masters woe,
by lingring griefe was brought full low.

For when the King did heare him speake,
how basely he the Duke did take:
In stead of gold gaue him disgrace,
with banishment from towne and place.

Thus Banister was forst to beg,
and craue for food with cap and leg,
But none on him would bread bestow,
that to his Master prou'd a foe.

Thus wandring in this poore estate,
repenting his misdeed too late,
Till starued he gaue vp his breath,
by no man pitted at his death.

To woefull ends his children came,
sore punisht for their fathers shame:
Within a kettell one was drown'd,
where water scarce would hide the ground

Another by the powers Diuine,
was ſtrangely eaten vp of Swine:
The laſt a wofull ending makes.
by ſtrangling in an emptie Jakes.

Let traytors this behold and ſée,
and ſuch as falſe to Maſters be:
Let diſobedient ſonnes draw néere,
theſe iudgements well may touch them
(neere.
Both old and young that liue not well,
looke to be plagu'd by heauen or hell.
So you haue heard the ſtory than,
of this great Duke of Buckingham.

The wofull death of Queene *Iane* Wife to King *Henry* the eight, and how King *Edward* was cut out of his mothers belly.

To the Tune of the lamentation of the Lord of Eſſex.

WHen as King Henry rul'd this Land
he had a Queene I vnderſtand,
Lord Seimors daughter faire and bright,
King Henries comfort and delight:
Yet death by his remorſeleſſe power,
did blaſt the bloome of this ſweet flower.

Oh mourne, mourne, mourne faire Ladies,
Iane your Queene, the flower of England dies.

His former Queenes being wrapt in Lead,
this gallant Dame possest his bed:
Where rightly from her wombe did spring
a ioyfull comfort to her King,
A welcome blessing to the Land,
preserv'd by Gods most holy hand.
Oh mourne, mourne, mourne faire Ladies,
Iane your Queene &c.

The Queene in travell pained sore
full thirtie wofull dayes and more,
And no way could deliuered bee,
as every Lady wisht to see.
Wherefore the King made greater mone,
than euer yet his grace had showne.
Oh mourne, mourne, mourne faire Ladies,
Iane your Queene &c.

Being something eased in his minde,
his eyes a slumbring sleepe did finde;
Where dreaming her had lost a Rose,
but which he could not well suppose.
A Ship he had, a Rose by name,
oh no it was his royall Iane.
Oh mourne, mourne, mourne faire Ladies,

Iane your Quéene the flower of England dies.

Being thus perplext in griefe and care,
a Lady to him did repaire
And said, Oh King shew vs thy will,
thy Queenes sweet life to saue or spill.
If she cannot deliuered be,
yet saue the flower though not the tree:
Oh mourne, mourne, mourne faire Ladies,
Iane your Quéene &c.

Then downe vpon his tender knée,
for helps from heauen prayed he:
Meane while into a sleepe they cast
his Quéene which euermore did last:
And opening then her tender wombe,
aliue they toke this budding blome.
Oh mourne, mourne, mourne faire Ladies,
Iane your Quéene the flower of England's dead.

This babe so borne much comfort brought,
and cheer'd his fathers drooping thoughts:
Prince Edward he was cal'd by name,
grac'd with vertue, wit, and fame,
And when his father left this earth,
he rul'd this Land by lawfull birth.
Oh mourne, mourne, mourne faire Ladies,
Iane your Quéene &c.

But

But marke the powerfull will of heauen,
we from this ioy were ſone bereauen.
Six yeares he reigned in this Land,
and then obeyed Gods command,
And left his Crowne to Mary here,
whoſe fiue yéers reigne coſt England déere.
Oh mourne, mourne, mourne faire Ladies,
Iane your Queene &c.

Elizabeth reigned next to her,
Europes pride, and Englands ſtarre:
Wonder world, for ſuch a Queene
vnder heauen was neuer ſéene.
A maid, a Saint, an Angell bright,
in whom all Princes take delight.
Oh mourne, mourne, mourne faire Ladies,
Elizabeth the flower of England's dead.

A ſhort and Sweet Sonnet made by one of the Maids of Honour, vpon the death of Queene *Elizabeth*, which ſhe ſewed vpon a Sampler in red Silke.

To a new Tune, or to Philida *flouts me.*

GOne is Elizabeth,
whom we haue lou'd ſo deare:
She our kinde Miſtreſſe was
full foure and fortie yeares.

England she gouern'd well,
not to be blamed:
Flanders she succour'd still,
and Ireland tamed.
France she befriended,
Spaine she hath foiled.
Papists reiected,
and the Pope spoiled.
To Princes powerfull,
to the world bertuous:
To her foes mercifull,
to Subiects gracious,
Her Soule is in heauen,
the world keepes her Glory:
Subiects her good deeds,
and so ends my Story.

The life and death of famous *Tho. Stukeley*, an English Gallant in the time of Queene *Elizabeth*, who ended his dayes in a Battell of three Kings in Barbary.

To the Tune of King Henries *going to Bullain.*

IN the West of England,
borne there was I vnderstand,
A famous Gallant liuing in his dayes,
by birth a wealthy Clothiers sonne:
Deeds of wonder he hath done,

to

to purchaſe him a long and laſting praiſe.

If I ſhould tell his ſtory:
pride was all his glory:
And lucky Stukeley he was cal'd in Court,
he ſeru'd a Biſhop of the weſt,
And did accompany the beſt,
maintaining ſtill himſelfe in gallant ſort.

Being thus eſteemed,
and every were well deemed,
He gain'd the fauour of a London Dame,
daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis he was called than,
to whom a ſuitor gallantly he came.

When ſhe his perſon ſpied,
he could not be denied,
So braue a Gentleman he was to ſee,
ſhe was quickly made his wife,
In weale or woe to lead her life,
her father willingly did ſo agree.

Thus in ſtate and pleaſure,
full many daies they meaſure:
Till cruell death with his regardleſſe ſpight
bore old Curtis to the graue,
A thing that Stukeley wight to haue,

that he might reuell all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
but Stukeley presumed (waste:
To spend an hundred pounds that day in
the braueſt gallants in the Land
Had Stukeleys purſe at their command,
thus merrily the time away he paſt.

Tauernes and Ordinaries
were his chiefeſt braueries,
Golden Angels flew there vp and downe:
riots were his beſt delight,
With ſtately feaſting day and night,
in Court and City thus he won renowne.

Thus waſting land and liuing,
by this his lawleſſe giuing,
At laſt he ſold the pauements of his yard,
which couered were with blockes of tin,
Old Curtis left the ſame to him,
which he conſumed lately as you heard.

Whereat his wife ſore grieued,
deſir'd to be relieued:
Make much of me deare husband ſhe did ſay,
Ile make much more of thee, quoth he,
Than any one ſhall verily,

Ile

Ile ſell thy clothes and ſo will go my way.

Cruelly thus hearted,
away from her he parted,
And trauell'd into Italy with ſpéed:
there he flouriſht many a day
In his Silkes and rich aray,
and did the pleaſures of a Lady feed.

It was the Ladies pleaſure,
to giue him gold and treaſure,
And to maintaine him in great pompe and
at laſt came newes aſſuredly, (fame:
Of a battell fought in Barbary,
and he would valiantly goe ſée the ſame.

Many a noble gallant,
ſold both land and tallant,
To follow Stukeley to this famous fight:
whereas thrée Kings in perſon would
Aduentrouſly with courage bold,
within the battell ſhew themſelues in fight.

Stukeley and his followers all,
of the King of Portugall,
Had entertainment like to Gentlemen,
the King affected Stukeley ſo,
That he his ſecrets all did know:

and

and boze his royall Standard now & then.

Upon this day of honour,
each King did shew his Banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbary:
Portugal withall his traine,
Brauely glistred on the plaine,
and gaue the onset there most baliantly.

The Canons they resounded,
thundring Drums rebounded:
Kill, kill, as then was all the soldiers crie:
mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
the Sun was likewise darkned in the skie.

Heauen was sore displeased,
and would not be appeased:
But tokens of Gods heauy wrath did show,
that he was angry at this warre,
He sent a fearefull blazing starre,
whereby these Kings might their misfor-
tunes know. (tunes know.

Bloudy was the slaughter,
or rather wilfull murder,
Where fiftcore thousand fighting men were slaine.
three Kings within this battell dide,
With forty Dukes and Earles beside,

the

the like will neuer more be fought againe.

With wofull armes infolding,
Stukeley ſtood beholding
This bloudy ſacrifice of ſoules that day:
he ſighing ſaid I wofull wight,
Againſt my conſcience here did fight,
and brought my followers all vnto decay.

Being thus moleſted,
and with griefe oppreſſed,
Thoſe braue Italians that did ſell their lands,
with Stukeley thus to trauell forth,
And venture life for little worth,
vpon him all did lay their murdring hands.

Vnto death thus wounded,
his heart with ſorrow ſounded,
And to them all he made this heauie mone:
thus haue I left my Countrey deare,
To be ſo vildly murdered here,
euen in this place whereas I am not knowne.

My wife I haue much wronged,
of what to her belonged,
I vainely ſpent in idle courſe of life:
what I haue done is paſt I ſée,
And bringeth nought but griefe to mée,

there-

therefore grant me my pardon gentle wife.

Life I see consumeth,
and death I feele presumeth,
To change this life of mine into a new:
yet this my greatest comfort brings,
I liu'd and di'd in loue of Kings,
and so braue Stukeley bids the world adew.

Stukeleys life thus ended,
was after death befriended,
And like a Souldier buried gallantly:
where now there stands vpon his graue
A stately Temple builded braue,
with golden Turrets piercing to the sky.

A most royall song of the life and death of our late renowned Princesse Queene *Elizabeth*.

To the Tune of the Ladies fall.

IN England reigned once a King,
eight Henry cal'd by name:
Which made faire Anne of Bullein Queene
of England in great fame.
Who brought into this Country ioy,
and to her King delight,
A daughter, that in England made

Gods

Gods Gospell shine most bright.

At Grænwich was this Princesse borne,
that gallant place in Kent;
A house belou'd of Kings and Quéenes,
a house of sweet content.
Euen in her Child-hood she began,
so stor'd with heauenly grace,
That all estates both high and low,
her vertues did embrace.

None like Elizabeth was found
in learning so diuine:
She had the perfect skillfull Arts
of all the Muses nine.
In Latine, Grécke, and Hebrew she
most excellent was knowne:
To forren Kings Ambassadors,
the same was daily showne.

The Italian, French, and Spanish tongues
she well could speake or reade,
The Turkish and Arabian speech
grew perfect at her néed.
Her Musicke made her wonderfull,
so cunning therein found,
The fame whereof about the world,
in Princes eares did sound.

Yet

Yet when her Royall Parents liues
by death were tane away,
And her deare Brother Edward turn'd
to clods of earth and clay:
Her cruell Sister Mary sought
her lasting griefe and woe,
Regarding not the gifts that God
vpon her did bestow.

A bloudie reigne Quéene Mary liu'd,
a Papist in beléefe,
Which was vnto Elizabeth
a great heart-breaking griefe:
A faithfull Protestant was she,
at which Quæne Mary spighted:
And in Elizabeths mishaps,
she daily much delighted.

Poore Maiden by the Bishops wills,
in Prison she was put,
And from her friends and comforters,
in cruell manner shut.
Much hoping she would turne in time,
and her true faith forsake:
But firme she was, and patiently
did all these troubles take.

Her Sister forthwith gaue command,

her

her diet to be small,
Her seruants likewise very few,
yea almost none at all:
And also would haue tane her life,
but that King Philip said,
O Queene thy Country will reposit,
thou hast the Tyger plaid.

The Lord thus put this King in minde
his chosen Saint to saue;
And also to Queene Maries life
a sudden ending gaue,
And so Elizabeth was fetcht
from Prison to a crowne,
Which she full foure and fortie yeares
posseſt with much renowne.

She Popery first of all suppresst,
and in our English tongue,
Did cause Gods Bible to be read,
which Heauen continue long,
Pure preaching likewise she ordain'd,
with plentie in this Land:
And still against the foes thereof,
most zealously did stand.

The pride of Rome this Queene abates,
and spightfull Spaine kept vnder:

And

And succeed much Low-country states,
whereat the world did wonder,
That such a worthy Prince as she,
should worke such worthy things,
And bring more honour to this Land,
than all our former Kings.

The gold still brought from Spanish mines,
in spight of all her foes,
Throughout all parts of Christendome,
her braue aduenture shewes.
Her battels fought vpon the Seas,
resounded vp to heauen:
Which to aduance her fame and praise,
had victory still giuen.

The Spanish power in eightie eight,
which thirsted for her bloud:
Most nobly like an Amazon,
their purposes withstood.
And boldly in her Royall Campe,
in person she was seene,
The like was neuer done I thinke,
by any English Queene.

Full many a traytor since that time,
she hath confounded quite:
And not the blondiest minde of all,

her

her courage could affright.
For mercy ioyn'd with Maiestie,
still made her foes her friends,
By pardoning many which deserv'd
to haue vntimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Irish rout
of Rebels in that Land:
Though ne're so desperate bold and stout,
but fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble sore,
but for to heare her name:
She planted peace in that faire Land,
and did their wildnesse tame.

Though wars she kept with dangers great
in Ireland, France, and Spaine,
Yet her true subiects still at home,
in safety did remaine.
They ioy'd to see her Princely face,
and would in numbers run
To meet her Royall Maiesty,
more thicke than moats in Sunne.

But time that brings all things to end,
a swift-foot course did run:
And of this Royall Maiden Queene,
a woefull conquest won.

Her death brought feare vpon the Land,
no words but tales of woe,
In subiects eares resounded then,
where euer men did goe.

But feare exchang'd to present ioyes,
sweet comforts loud did ring:
In stead of Queene the people cri'd,
long liue our Royall King.
Which name of King did seeme most strange,
and made vs sore to muse:
Because full many a yeare the name
of King we did not vse.

But such a noble King he is,
and so maintaines our peace,
That we in heart may daily wish
his life may neuer cease,
Our hopefull and most Royall Prince,
good Angels still defend,
This is my Muses chiefe desire,
her melodie to end.

A Song of a King and a Begger.

I Read that once in Africa,
a Prince that there did reigne,
Who had to name Cophetua,
as Poets they did faine:

From

From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my minde,
He cared not for women-kinde,
but did them all disdaine.
But marke what hapned on a day,
As he out of his windowe lay,
He saw a Begger all in gray,
which did increase his paine.

The blinded Boy that shots so trim
from heauen downe did hie,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
in place where he did lye:
Which scarce did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
he lookt as he would dye.
What sudden chance is this (quoth he,)
That he to loue must subiect be,
Which neuer thereto would agree,
but still did it detie.

Then from the windowe he did come,
and laid him on his bed:
A thousand heapes of cares did run
within his troubled head.
For now he meanes to craue her loue,
And now he seekes which way to proue,

How he his fancie might remous,
and not this Begger wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poore Begger must prepare
A salue to cure him of his care,
or else he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lye,
he thought for to deuise
How he might haue her company,
that so did maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloudy knife,
the gods should sure suffice.
Then from his bed soone he arose,
And to his Palace gate he goes,
Full little then this Beggar knowes,
when she the King espied.

The gods preserue your Maiestie,
the beggers all gaine crie,
Vouchsafe to giue your charity,
our childrens food to buy.
The King to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste,
The silly woman was the last,
after them that did hie.

The King he cal'd her backe againe,
And vnto her he gaue his chaine,
And said, with vs thou shalt remaine,
Till such time as we die.

For surely thou shalt be my wife,
and honoured like the Quéene:
With thée I meane to lead my life,
as shortly shall be séene.
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And euery thing in it degrée:
Come on quoth he and follow me,
thou shalt goe shift thée cleane.
What is thy name? say on quoth he,
Penelophon, O King quoth she,
With that she made a low courtsie,
a trim one as I wéene.

Thus hand in hand along the walke
vnto the Kings Palace,
The King with courteous comely talke,
this Begger doth embrace.
The Begger blushed scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
she was in such a maze.
At last she spake with trembling voice,
And said, O King I doe reioyce,
That you will take me for your choyce,
and my degrée so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
the King commanded straight,
The Noble-men both all and some,
vpon the Queene to wait:
And she behau'd her selfe that day,
As if she had neuer walkt that way,
She had forgot her gowne of gray
which she did weare of late.
The Prouerb old is come to passe,
The Priest when he begins his Masse,
Forgets that euer clerke he was,
he knoweth not his estate.

Here may you reade Cophetua,
through fancie long time fed,
Compelled by the blinded Boy,
the Beggar for to wed.
Ye that did louers lookes disdaine,
To doe the same was glad and faine,
Or else he would himselfe haue slaine,
in flories as we reade.
Disdaine no whit, O Lady deare,
But pitie now thy seruant here,
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
as to that King it did.

And thus they led a quiet life,
during their princely reigne,

And

And in a tombe were buried both,
as writers ſhew vs plaine.
The Lords they tooke it grieuouſly,
The Ladies tooke it heauily,
The commons cried pitiouſly,
their death to them was paine:
Their fame did ſound ſo paſſingly,
That it did pierce the ſtarry ſkye,
And thorowout all the world did flye,
to euery Princes Realme.

A Louers Song in praiſe of his Miſtreſſe.

To the Tune of Apelles.

IF that Apelles now did reigne,
Who euer ſought for to haue fame,
He might haue won with leſſer paine,
a greater honour to his name.
For with great paine he ſought all Greece,
Till he had found the faireſt peece.

Thorowout all Greece he could not view,
ſo faire, ſo feat, ſo fine withall,
Nor yet his pencill neuer drew
ſo faire a peece, nor neuer ſhall:
Therefore if he had ſeene theſe daies,
He might haue won a greater praiſe.

Oh happy man might he haue said,
if he had liued to this time,
For to haue seene so faire a Maid,
in all proportions made so fine.
Her fulgent face so faire, so cleare,
That Europe cannot shew her peere.

Pigmalion with his grauers then,
could neuer worke so faire a peece;
Nor yet Apelles in his time,
did neuer see the like in Greece.
For if he had, he would haue said,
That Venus was not like this Maid.

She is a graft of noble growth,
and worthy is she of her fame;
For why: her vertues plainely show'th,
that well she hath deseru'd the same.
Wherefore my painfull pen alwaies,
Shall neuer cease to write her praise.

O that my pen could print her praise,
according to her iust desert,
That I may say and see those daies,
that I desired with my art:
For still I sought and euer shall,
My Mistresse praise might passe them all.

Now proue and praise in one is knit,

and

and hath blowne to praiſe this Maid,
And iuſtice doth in iudgement ſit,
for to performe that I haue ſaid:
Thus to conclude an end to make,
Vnto the gods I heare betake.

Another.

To a new Tune.

THe Bée doth loue the ſweeteſt flower,
ſo doth the bloſſome the Aprill ſhower:
And I doe loue that Lady truly,
why ſhould not I loue her that loues me:
The Bird doth loue the morning bright,
to ſée the day is her delight:
And I doe loue to ſée her face,
in whom that I doe loue is my ſolace.

The Fiſh doth loue the flods by kinde,
for want of it they are but pinde:
And I doe loue her preſence alſo,
in whom that I loue, and no moe.
The Leopard doth loue to lye and prey
vpon the faces that goe him by:
And I doe loue to looke and gaze,
vpon my true loues moſt pleaſant face.

The Déere doth loue in woods to dwell,

as I to you the truth shall tell:
And I doe loue as doth the Déere,
oh where I loue, would that I were.
Troylus that Lord, with all his might,
Cressed of Troy that was so bright:
And I doe loue as farre as he,
and euer shall vntill I die.

A Seruants Sorrow, for the losse of his late Royall Mistresse, Queene *Anne*, who deceased at Hampton-Court the second of March, 1618.

To the Tune of In sad and Ashy weeds.

IN doole and déepe distresse,
Poore soule, I sighing make my moane,
A dowle of heauinesse
Constraines my pensiue heart to groane:
Then haplesse I
that thus must cry
Against those Sisters three,
Which to my paine
her life haue taine
That late did comfort me.

In sable weeds I mourne,

My Princes abſence to condole,
Who neuer can returne
Unto my ſad forſaken ſoule:
Yet will I ſhow
the grounds of woe
Of ſuch as mourners be,
For ſorrowing care
ſhall be my ſhare,
When none will comfort me.

My golden Sun is fled,
And cleareſt day beſet with clouds,
A hollow ſheet of Lead
My late beloued Princeſſe ſhrowds,
For whoſe ſweet ſake — — —
this moane I make,
As all the world may ſée,
There is no toy
but in annoy,
Then who can comfort me?

With griefe I walke away,
Remembring of my gracious Quæne,
We Seruants all may ſay,
And witneſſe well what ſhe hath béene,
A Princeſſe kinde
of Royall minde,
Adorn'd with courteſie:

But

But now a graue
that Grace will haue,
And none will comfort me.

Oh, let my carefull cries
To sadnesse Court and Country mone:
No mourning may suffice
To tell my deare affecting lone:
For woulds of woe
cannot well show
The griefes that settled be
Within my brest
so much distrest:
So none can comfort me

Yet mourners there be store
of Kings & states, and Princes high,
Who sadly doe deplore
the want of that sweet Maiestie,
Who spent her dayes
in vertues waies,
And doing good we see:
Her liberall hand
adorn'd this Land,
Which much doth comfort me

My Soueraigne Lord King Iames,
Lamenting moanes his Turtle deare,

And

And Princely Charles out-streames
full many a sad and sorrowing teare:
So all that Race
of Royall Grace,
And blomes of Maiestie,
Conioyne in one
for to make moane,
Yet none will comfort me.

The Palsgraue of the Rhine,
With Denmarks most true honor'd King,
Unto sad Sorrowes Shrine
Some sacrificing teares will bring.
Elizabeth
thy mothers death
A mournfull newes will be
To fill those Courts,
with sad reports,
Yet no man comforts me.

Ye thinkes the Netherlands
And Germane Princes of her kin,
Possest with sorrow stands,
And sadly thus their griefe begin:
Farewell, adieu,
sweet Queene so true,
Thy life much mist will be,
For erth and Pore
fed on thy store:

But

But now none comforts me.

Where ere her Highnesse went,
sweet bounty frankly she bestow'd:
The gifts that heauen her lent
Unto the world she nobly show'd:
Which many waies
aduanc'd her praise,
So full of good was she,
The which did moue
all men to loue,
But now none comforts me.

You Ladies faire and fine,
Attendants on this Royall Queene,
Her Grace is made diuine,
On this dull earth not to be seene,
Her soule is flowne
vp to that Throne
Where Angels reigning be,
Whilst I aspire
to vaine desire,
For none now comforts me.

Oh blessed be that mould
Which shall containe so sweet a prize,
Keepe safe the same inroul'd
Untoucht, vnseene by mortall eyes,

Till

Till from this earth
a second birth
Of newnesse framed be:
And till that houre
preserue this flower,
Whose goodnesse comforts me.

A Queene and Mother deare,
A Wife, a Daughter to a King,
A Sister Royall here,
And Grandam as renowne doth ring,
Which rich-borne fame
hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be,
Yet after-daies
shall sound her praise,
Which greatly comforts me.

The good Shepherds sorrow for the death of his beloued Sonne.

To an excellent new Tune.

IN sad and ashy weeds,
I sigh, I pine, I grieue, I mourne,
My Dates and yellow rèeds,
I now to Jeat and Ebon turne.

My

My bzged eyes,
Like winter skies,
my furrowed cheekes ore-flow,
All heauen knowes why
Men mourne as I,
and who can blame my woe:

In sable robes of night,
My daies of ioy appareld be,
My sorrowes see no light,
my light through sorrowes nothing sée,
For now my Sunne
His date hath run,
and from his Sphere doth goe,
To endlesse bed
of folded Lead,
and who can blame my woe:

My flockes I now forsake,
That silly shæpe my griefes may knowe,
and Lillies loath to take,
that since his fall presum'd to growe:
I enuy aire,
Because it dare
still breathe, and he not so:
Hate earth that doth
Intombe his youth,
and who can blame my woe:

Not

Not I poore Lad alone,
(Alone how can such sorrow be)
Not onely men make moane,
but more than men make mone with me,
the gods of Grëenes,
The mountaine Muënes,
the Fairy circled Rowe;
The Muses nine,
The Nymphs diuine,
doe all condole my woe.

You awfull gods of skie,
If Shepherds may you question thus,
What Deitie to supply,
toke you this gentle Starre from vs?
Is Hermes fled?
Is Cupid dead?
doth Sol his feat forgoe?
Or Ioue his ioy
He stole from Troy?
or who hath fram'd this woe?

Did not mine eyes, oh heauens,
Adore your light as well before,
But that amidst your seuen,
you fixed haue no planet more?
You may well raise
New double dues,

on this ſad earth below:
You powers haue giuen
Another Sun,
and who can blame our woes?

At your great hands I aſke,
This boone which you may eaſily grant,
That till my vtmoſt maſke
of death, I ſtill may moane his want:
Since his diuine
Parts, with you ſhine,
to bright for vs below,
And Earths ſad weed
Intombes the reſt,
yet mine is all the woe.

Coridons Comfort.

The ſecond part of the good Shepherd.

To the ſame Tune.

PEace ſhepherd, ceaſe to moane,
In vaine is all this griefe and woe,
For him thats from vs gone,

and

and can alacke returne no more:
But yet indeed,
The Oaten Reed
and mirth thou late didst know:
I blame thée not,
If now forgot,
for who can blame thy woe?

The breath had once a sound
Harmonious, is in sighing spent:
The temples once were bound
with Chaplets of a pleasant sent,
Now Cypresse weare,
Thy griefe and care,
to all the world to show:
The pipe so swéet,
Thy lips ne're méet;
and who can blame thy woe?

The murmur of the Brookes,
Hath béene delightfull to thine eare,
Much pleasure hast thou tooke,
sweét Philomelaes note to heare:
To see that Quire
From bush to bryer,
leape lightly to and fro:
The Summers Quéene,
Atti'rd in gréene,
but now tis nothing so.

To see the Queene of Flowers,
When hoary Hyems part is done,
Decke vp those Summer Bowers,
defend vs from the parching Sunne,
To see the ground
Embroidered round,
and euery tree to show
His virid dye,
Hath pleas'd thine eye,
but now tis nothing so.

To well I know thy cheepe,
At randome graze vpon the plaine:
Griefe luls thee now asleepe,
and now thou wak'st to grieue againe.
Asleepe, awake,
For his deare sake,
some signe of sorrow show:
No bed of rest
Can ease thy brest,
and who can blame thy woe?

No man (the man that knew,
For whom our fainting bodies weare
These robes of saddest hue,
and woes more blacke imbrested beare)
Can well forbeare
To shed a teare,

griefes

griefes tide will ouer-flow:
Vaile sorrowes cottle
Hath still such force,
then who can blame thy woe:

Thy woes I cannot blame,
But in thy sorrowes beare a part:
Yet now to patience frame,
and see the salue cures all our smart:
This bud is dead,
Is gone, is fled,
but in his place doth grow
A flower as faire,
As fresh, as rare,
and he cures all our woe.

A mournfull ditty of the death of faire *Rosamond*, King *Henry* the seconds Concubine.

To the Tune of Flying Fame.

WHen as King Henry rul'd this Land
The second of that name:
Besides the Queene he dearely lou'd,
A faire and Princely Dame.
Most peerelesse was her beauty found,
her fauour and her face:

A ſweéter creature in the world,
did neuer Prince embrace.
Her criſped lockes like threds of gold,
Appear'd to each mans ſight:
Her comely eyes like Orient pearles,
Did caſt a heauenly light.
The bloud within her cryſtall cheekes,
Did ſuch a colour driue,
As though the Lilly and the Roſe
for maſterſhip did ſtriue.
Yea Roſamond, faire Roſamond,
Her name was called ſo:
To whom Dame Helenor our Queene
was knowne a mortall foe.
The King therefore for her defence,
Againſt the furious Queene,
At Woodſtocke builded ſuch a Bower,
the like was neuer ſéene.
Moſt curiouſly this Bower was built,
Of ſtone and timber ſtrong:
An hundred and fifty dores did
Vnto the Bower belong.
And they ſo cunningly contriu'd,
With turnings round about,
That none but by a clew of thred,
could enter in or out.
And for his loue and Ladies ſake,
That was ſo faire and bright,

The

The keeping of this Bower he gaue
Vnto a valiant knight.
But Fortune that doth often frowne,
Where ſhe before did ſmile:
The kings delight, the Ladies ioy
full ſoone ſhe did beguile.
For why the Kings vngracious ſonne,
Whom he did high aduance,
Againſt his father raiſed wars,
Within the Realme of France.
But yet before our Royall King,
The Engliſh Lands forſooke,
Of Roſamond his Lady faire,
his farewell thus he tooke.
O Roſamond the onely Roſe,
That pleaſeth beſt mine eye,
The faireſt Roſe in all the world,
To feed my fantiſie.
The flower of my affected heart,
Whoſe ſweetneſſe doth excell,
My Royall Roſe a thouſand times
I bid thee now farewell.
For I muſt leaue my fancies flower,
My ſweeteſt Roſe a ſpace.
And croſſe the ſeas to famous France,
Proud Rebels to abaſe.
But yet my Roſe be ſure thou ſhalt,
My comming ſhortly ſee,

And in my heart while hence I am
Ile beare my Rose with me.
When Rosamond that Lady bright,
Did heare the King say so,
The sorrow of her grieued heart
Her outward lookes did show.
And from her cleare and chrystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the siluer pearled dew,
ran downe her comely face.
Her lips like to a Corall red,
Did wax both wan and pale:
And for the sorrow she conceiu'd,
Her vitall spirits did faile.
And falling downe all in a swound,
Before King Henries face,
Full oft within his Princely armes,
her corps he did embrace.
And twentie times with watrie eyes
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had reuiu'd againe
Her senses milde and meeke.
Why grieues my Rose, my sweetest Rose,
The King did often say,
Because (quoth she) to bloudie warres
my Lord must part away.
But sith your grace in forren coasts,
Among your foes vnkind,

Must

Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I stay behinde?
May let me rather like a Page,
Your shield and target beare,
That on my brest that blow may light,
that should annoy you there.
O let me in your Royall Tent,
Prepare your bed at night,
And with swéet baths refresh your Grace
At your returne from fight.
So I your presence may enioy,
No toile I will refuse,
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true loue abuse.
Content thy selfe my dearest friend,
Thy rest at home shall be,
In Englands swéet and pleasant soile,
For trauell fits not thee.
Faire Ladies bowre no bloudie warres,
Swéet peace their pleasure breeds,
The nourishers of their hearts content,
which fancie first doth feeds.
My Rose shall rest in Woodstocks Bowre,
With musicks swéet delight:
While I among the pierring pikes,
Against my foes doe fight.
My Rose in robes of pearle and gold,
With diamonds richly dight,

Shall

Shall dance the Galliards of my loue,
whil'ſt I my foes doe ſuite.
And you Sir Thomas whom I truſt,
To be my Loues defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Roſe,
When I am parted hence.
And therewithall he fetcht a ſigh,
As though his heart would breake:
And Roſamond for very griefe,
not one plaine word could ſpeake.
And at their parting well they might
In heart be grieued ſore,
After that day faire Roſamond
The King did ſée no more.
For when his Grace had paſt the ſeas
And into France was gone,
Quéene Elenor with enuious heart,
to Woodſtocke came anone,
And forth ſhe call'd this truſty knight,
Which kept the curious Bower:
Who with his clew of twined thred
Came from that famous flower:
And when that they had wounded him,
The Quéene this thred did get,
And went where Lady Roſamond
was like an Angell ſet:
But when the Quéene with ſtedfaſt eye
Beheld her heauenly face,

She was amazed in her mind,
At her exceeding grace.
Cast off thy robes from thee, she said,
That rich and costly be,
And drinke thee off that deadly draught
which I haue brought for thee.
But presently upon her knee
Sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queene she cran'd,
For her offences all:
Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Rosamond did crie,
And let me not with poison strong
enforced be to die.
I will renounce this sinfull life,
And in a Cloister hide,
Or else be banisht if you please,
To range the world so wide:
And for the fault which I haue done,
Though I was forst thereto,
Preserue my life and punish me
as you thinke good to doe.
And with these words her lilly hands
She wrung full often there,
And downe along her lovely cheeks
Proceeded many a teare.
But nothing could this furious Queene
Therewith appeased be,

The

The cup of deadly poison fil'd,
as she sate on her knee,
She gaue that comely Dame to drinke,
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knees arose,
And on her feet did stand:
And casting vp her eyes to heauen,
She did for mercy call,
And drinking vp the poison then,
her life she lost withall.
And when that death thorow euery limbe
Had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
She was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did entombe,
When life was fled away,
At Godstow neare to Oxford towne,
as may be seene this day.

A most rare and Excellent Historie, of the Dutchesse of Suffolkes calamitie.

To the Tune of Queene Dido.

WHen God had taken for our sinne
that prudent Prince King Edward away,
Then bloudy Bonner did begin
his

his raging malice to bewray:
All those that did Gods Word professe,
Ye persecuted more and lesse.

Thus whilst the Lord on us did lowre,
many in prison did he throw,
Tormenting them in Lolards tower,
whereby they might the truth forgoe.
Then Cranmer, Ridler, and the rest
Were burned in fire, that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
and many places more beside:
At Couentry was Saunders kill'd,
at Worster eke good Hooper dide:
And to escape this bloudy day,
Beyond Seas many fled away.

Among the rest that sought relieſe,
and for their faith in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was the chiefe,
King Henries daughter of Royall bloud.
Which in the Tower did prisoner lye,
Looking each day when she should dye.

The Dutchesse of Suffolke seeing this,
whose life likewise the tyrant sought,
Who in the hope of heauenly blisse,

with-

within Gods Word her comfort wrought,
For feare of death was faine to flie,
And leaue her house most secretly.

That for the loue of Christ alone,
her lands and goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that precious stone,
the Word of Truth so rare to finde.
She with her nurse her husband and childe,
In poore array their sights beguilde.

Thus thorow London they past along,
each one did take a seuerall street,
Thus all vnknowne, escaping wrong,
at Billingsgate they all did meet:
Like people poore in Graue end Barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Graues end Towne
with iourneyes short on foot they went,
Vnto the Seas-coast they came downe,
to passe the seas was their intent:
And God prouided so that day,
That they tooke ship and saild away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind
in Flanders safe they did arriue,
This was to their great ease of minde,

and

and from their hearts much woe did hyne.
And so with thankes to God on hie,
They tooke their way to Germanie.

Thus as they trauell'd still disguis'd,
vpon the high-way suddenly,
By cruell theeues they were surpris'd,
assailing their small company.
And all their treasure and their store
they tooke away, and beat them sore.

The Nurse in middest of their fight,
laid downe the childe vpon the ground,
She ran away out of their sight,
and neuer after that was found:
Then did the Dutchesse make great mone
With her good husband all alone.

The Theeues had their horses kil'd,
and all their money quite had taken,
The pretty Baby almost spill'd,
was by the Nurse likewise forsaken:
And they far from their friends did stand
All succourlesse in a strange Land.

The skie likewise began to skowle,
it haild and rain'd in pitious sort:
The way was long and wondrous foule:

then

Then may I now full well report,
Their griefe and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the Dutchesse bore the childe,
all wet as ever she could be:
And when the Lady kinde and milde
was weary, then the childe bore he.
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes were well pleas'd.

And after many weary steps,
all wet-shod both in dirt and mire,
After much griefe their heart it leaps,
for labour doth some rest require.
A Towne before them they did see,
But lodg'd therein they could not be.

From house to house then they did goe,
seeing where they that night might lie,
But want of money was their woe,
and still their Babe with cold did crie.
With cap and knee they curtsie make,
But none on them would pitie take.

Loe here a Princesse of great blood,
doth pray a peasant for reliefe,
With teares bedewed as she stood,

yet

yet few or none regards her griefe.
Her speech they could not understand,
But geue her money in her hand.

When all in vaine their paines was spent,
and that they could not house-roome get,
Into a Church-porch then they went,
to stand out of the raine and wet;
Then said the Duchesse to her deare,
O that we had a fire here.

Then did her husband so prouide,
that fire and coales he got with speed,
She sate downe by the fire side,
to dresse her daughter that had need:
And whilst she dresst it in her lap,
Her husband made the Infant pap.

Anon the Sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the fire,
The drunken knaue all void of shame,
to driue them out was his desire:
And spurning forth that noble dame,
Her husbands wrath it did enflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
he wrung the Church-keyes out his hand:
and strucke him so, that all of blood,

his head ran downe where he did stand:
Wherefore the Sexton presently,
For helpe and aid aloud did cry.

Then came the Officers in haste,
and tooke the Duchesse and her childe,
And with her husband thus they past,
like lambes beset with tygers wilde:
And to the Gouernour were brought,
Who vnderstood them not in ought.

Then Master Barry braue and bold,
in Latine made a gallant speech,
Which all their misery did vnfold,
and their high fauour did beseech,
With that a Doctor sitting by,
Did know the Duchesse presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
with words abashed at this sight,
Vnto them all that there did waight,
he thus brake forth in words aright:
Behold within your sight quoth he,
A Princesse of most high degree.

With that the Gouernour and the rest,
were all amaz'd the same to heare,
Who welcomed this new-come guest,

with

with reuerence great and Princely cheare,
And afterward conuey'd they were
Vnto their friend Prince Caſſemere.

A ſonne ſhe had in Germanie,
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name,
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
of courage great and worthy fame:
Her daughter young whith with her went,
Was afterward Counteſſe of Kent.

For when Queene Mary was deceaſt,
the Ducheſſe home return'd againe,
Who was of ſorrow quite releaſt,
by Queene Elizabeths happy reigne:
Whoſe godly life and pietie,
We all may praiſe continually.

The second Part.

The lamentable fall of the great Duchesse of *Glocester*, the wife to Duke *Humphrey*, how shee did penance in *London* streets bare footed, with a Wax-candle in her hand, and how at last shee was banished the Land, where in exile, in the *Ile of Man*, shee ended her dayes in woe.

To the tune of *Fortune my Foe.*

ONce a Duchesse was of high renowne,
my husband neere allied to Englands Crowne,
The good Duke *Humphrey* titled was his name,
till Fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame.
Henry the fifth, that King of gallant grace,
of whom my husband claim'd a brothers place;
And was Protector made of his young sonne,
when Princely Henries thred of life was spun.

Henrie the sixth, a childe of nine months old,
then rul'd this Land with all our Barons bold,
And in braue Paris crowned King of France,
faire England with more honour to aduance:
Then swaid Duke Humphrey like a glorious King,
and was Protector ouer euery thing,

Euen

Euen as he would, to please his hearts desire,
but enuie some extinguisht all his fire.

In height of all his pompall Maiesty,
from Cobhams House with speed he married me
Faire Elenor, the pride of Ladies all,
in Court and City people did me call.
Then flanting I in Greenwich stately Towers,
my winters Mansion, and my summers Bower:
Which gallant House now since those dayes hath b
the Palace braue of many a King and Queene.

The siluer Thames that swetly pleas'd mine eye,
procur'd me golden thoughts of Maiestie:
The kinde contents and murmures of the water,
made me forget the woes that would come after
No gallant Dame, nor Lady in this Land,
but much desired in my loue to stand:
My golden pride increased day by day,
as though such pleasures neuer would decay.

On gold and siluer Lawnes my garments faire,
were wouen still by women strange and rare:
Imbroidered curiously with Median silke,
more white than thistle-down, or mornings m
My Coaches and my stately pampred Steeds,
well furnisht in their gold-betrapped weeds,
With gentle glidings in the Summer nights,
still yeelded me the Euenings sweet delights

hundred Gentlemen in purple chaines,
as many Virgin-maids were still my traines,
he Queenes of Egypt with their pompe and glory,
for pleasure could not equall this my story.
at yet at last my golden sunne declin'd,
and Englands Court at these my ioyes repin'd,
or soone my husband in his honour'd place,
amongst the Barons reaped some disgrace.

hich grudge being growne & sprung vp to ẏ height,
vnto his charge they laid some crime of weight,
d then in prison cast, good royall Duke,
without misdeed he suffered vile rebuke:
hey tooke from him his great Protectors name,
through causes which those Peeres did falsly frame,
d after ouercome with malice deepe,
my noble Lord they murthered in his sleepe.

e kinde young King hauing thus his Vncle lost,
was day by day with troubles vext and crost:
such ambition in the Land then bred,
hat soone the factious house of Yorke tooke head.
kingly Lancaster my husbands line,
is death began thy fall as well as mine:
being dead, his liuings and his lands
ey seized all into King Henries hands,
after turn'd me friendlesse out of doore,
spend my dayes like to a woman poore,

Dischar-

Discharging me from all my pompall traine,
but Elenor would a Lady still remains.

The nobls spirit of a womans will,
within my brest did burne in fury still:
And raging so in my reuengefull minde,
till I the murtherers of my Lord did finde:
But knowing them to be of power and might,
of whom no iustice could by Law take right:
But yet to nourish by my thoughts in euill,
I crau'd the helpe of hell, and of the deuill.

To practise witchcraft then was my intent,
and therefore for the Witch of Ely sent,
And for old Bullinbrooke of Lancashire,
of whom for charmes the Land stood much in fear
We slept by day, and walkt at midnight houres,
the times ỹ spells haue strength & greatest power
The twilights, and the dawning of the mornes,
when Elues and Fairies take their gliding forms

Red streaming blood fell from my azur'd veines,
to make characters in round circled traines:
With dead mens sculs by brimstone burned quite,
to raise the dreadfull shadowes of the night.
All this by blacke inchanting arts to spill
their hated bloods that did Duke Humfrey kill,
My royall Lord vntimely tane from me,
yet not reuengement for him could I see.

For by the hand of iuſtfull downing heauen,
we were preuented all, and notice giuen,
How we by witch-craft ſought the ſpoile of thoſe,
that ſecretly had beene Dukes Humphreyes foes.
Wherefore my two companions for this crime,
Did ſuffer death ere nature ſpent their time:
But Elnor I, becauſe of noble birth,
endur'd a ſtranger puniſhment than death.

It pleaſed ſo the counſell of my King,
to be diſrob'd of euery gorgious thing,
My chaines, my rings, and Iewels of ſuch prize,
were chang'd to rags, more baſe than rugged frize,
And by command along each London ſtreet,
to goe in penance wrapped in a ſheet,
Bare footed with a Taper in my hand,
the like did neuer Lady in this Land.

My feet that lately trod the ſteps of pleaſure,
now flinty ſtones ſo ſharpe were forc't to meaſure:
Yet none aliue where I did come or goe,
durſt ſhed one trickling teare at this my woe.
But breake heart and die, here ended not my paine,
I iudged was an exile to remaine,
To goe a baniſht Lady from this place,
where in my blooming youth I liu'd in grace.

The remnant of thoſe yeares which God me gaue,
poore

poze banisht Elnor spent to finde her graue,
And left this Land where she was bred and bozne,
in fozraine soiles foz her misdeeds to mourne.
The Ile of Man incompast by the Sea,
in England named to vnto this day,
Impzison'd me within the watery round,
till time and death found me a burying ground.

Full nineteene yeares in sozrow thus I spent,
without one houre oz minute of content,
Remembzing fozmer ioyes of modest life,
whilst I boze name of good Du. Humphreyes wife
The losse of Greenwich Towzes did grieue me soze,
but death of my deare Lozd ten thousand mozе.
Yea, all the toyes once in my Bowze and Hall,
are darts of griefe to wound me now withall.

Farewell deare friends, farewell my courtly trains
my late renowne is turn'd to lingring paines,
My melody of Musickes sliuer sound,
are snakes and adders hissing in the ground.
The downy beds whereon I lay full oft,
are Sun-burnt heaps of mosse now seeming soft,
And waxen Tapers lighting to my bed,
oz starres about the sliuer Moone bespzed.

In stead of wine I dzinke of waters cleare,
which payes foz my delightfull banquets deare,

Thus

Thus changeth ſtately pompe and courtly ioyes,
when pleaſure endeth with ſuch deepe annoyes:
My beauteous cheekes where Cupid danc'd and plaid,
are wrinckled grolme, & quite with griefe decaid.
My haire turn'd white, my hollow eyes ſtarke blinde,
and all my body altered from her kinde.

Ring out my knell you birds in top of ſkie,
quite tir'd with woes here Elnor needs muſt die,
Receiue me earth into thy gentle wombe,
a baniſht Lady craues no other toombe.
Thus died the famous Ducheſſe of our Land,
controld by changing fortunes ſterne command:
Let thoſe that ſit on high degree,
thinke of their ends, that like to hers may be.

A Courtly new Song, of the Princely wooing of the faire Maid of London, by King *Edward*.

To the tune of *Bonny ſweet Robbin*.

FAire Angell of England, thy beauty moſt bright,
Is all my hearts treaſure, my ioy and delight,
Then grant me ſweet Lady thy true loue to be,
That I may ſay welcome good fortune to me.

The Turtle ſo true and chaſte in her loue,

By

By gentle perſwaſions her fancie will moue,
Then be not intreated ſweet Lady in vaine,
For Nature requireth what I would obtaine.

What Phenix ſo famous that liueth alone,
Is vowed to chaſtity being but one:
But bee not my Darling ſo chaſte in deſire,
Leſt thou like the Phenix doe penance in fire.

But alas (gallant Lady) I pity thy ſtate,
In being reſolued to liue without Mate:
For if of our courting the pleaſures you knew,
You would haue a liking the ſame to enſue.

Long time haue I ſued the ſame to obtaine,
Yet am I requited with ſcornfull diſdaine:
But if you will grant your good fauour to me,
You ſhall be aduanced to Princely degree.

Promotions and honours may often entice
The chaſteſt that liueth, though neuer ſo nice:
What woman ſo worthy but will be content,
To liue in the Palace where Princes frequent?

Two brides young & Princely to Church haue I led,
Two Ladies moſt louely haue decked my bed,
Yet hath thy loue taken more rot in my heart,
Than all their contentments whereof I had part.

Your gentle hearts cannot mens teares much abide,
And women most angry when least they doe chide,
Then yeeld to me kindly, and say that at length,
Men doe want mercy, and poore women strength.

I grant that faire Ladies may poore men resist,
But Princes will conquer, and loue whom they list:
A King may command her to lie by his side,
Whose feature deserueth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your loue you purchase renowne,
Your head shall be deckt with Englands faire crown:
Thy garments most gallant wt gold shall be wrought,
If true loue for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great Ladies of honour shall tend on thy traine,
Most richly attired with scarlet in graine:
My chamber most Princely thy person shall keepe,
Where Virgins with Musicke shall rock thee asleepe.

If any more pleasures thy heart can inuent,
Command them sweet Lady thy minde to content:
For Kings gallant Courts where Princes doe dwell
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies loue well.

Then be not resolued to die a true Maid,
But print in thy bosome the words I haue said,
And grant a King fauour thy true loue to be,
That I may say welcome sweet Virgin to me.

The faire Maiden of *Londons* answer to Kings *Edwards* wanton loue.

To the same Tune.

O Thy wanton King Edward tis labour in vaine,
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attaine:
Which getting thou losest, and hauing dost waste it,
The which if thou purchase, is spoild if thou hast it.

But if thou obtain'st it, thou nothing hast won,
And I losing nothing, yet quite am vndone:
But if of that Iewell a King doe deceiue me,
No King can restore, though a kingdome he giue me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My fauour is banisht, my beauty is past,
The Rosie red blushes that sat on my cheekes,
To paleneſſe are turned, which all men mislikes.

I passe not what Princes for loue doe protest,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me best,
I haue not deserued to sleepe by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edwards Bride.

The name of a Princesse I neuer did craue,
No such type of honour thy hand-maid will haue:

My breſt ſhall not harbour ſo lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonneſſe brought.

If wilde wanton Roſamond, one of our ſort,
Had neuer frequented King Henries braue Court:
Such heaps of deepe ſorrow ſhe neuer had ſeene,
Nor taſted the rage of ſo iealous a Queene.

All men haue their freedome to ſhew their intent,
They winne not a woman except ſhe conſent:
Who then can impute to men any fault,
Who ſtill goe vpright vntill women doe hault.

'Tis counted a kindneſſe in men for to try,
And vertue in women the ſame to deny:
For women vnconſtant can neuer be prou'd,
Vntill by their betters therein they be mou'd.

If women and modeſty once doe but ſeuer,
Then farewell good name and credit for euer:
And royall King Edward let me be exilde,
Ere any man know that my bodies defilde.

No, no, my old fathers reuerend teares,
Too great an impreſſion within my ſoule beares,
Nor ſhall his bright honour that blot by me haue,
To bring his gray haires with griefe to his graue.

The heauens forbid that when I ſhall die,
That any ſuch ſinne vpon my ſoule lie:

If I haue thus kept me from doing this sin,
My heart shall not yeeld with a Prince to begin.

Come rather with pity to weepe on my tombe,
Than for my birth curse my deare mothers wombe,
That brought forth a blossome which staineth the tree,
With wanton desires to shame her and me.

Leaue me (most noble King) tempt not in vaine,
My milke-white affections with lewdnesse to staine:
Though England will giue me no comfort at all,
Yet England will grant me a sad buriall.

The story of ill May-day, in the time of King *Henry* the eighth, and why it was so called, and how Queene *Katherine* begged the liues of two thousand London Prentises.

To the tune of *Essex Good-night.*

PEruse the stories of this Land,
and with aduisement marke the same,
And you shall iustly vnderstand,
how ill May-day first got the name.
For when King Henry eighth did reigne,
and rule our famous Kingdome here,
His Royall Queene he had from Spaine,
with whom he liu'd full many a yeare.

Queene

Quéene Katherine nam'd as ſtories tell,
ſometime his elder brothers wife:
By which unlawfull marriage fell
an endleſſe trouble during life.
But ſuch kinde loue he ſtill conceiu'd
of his faire Quéene and of her friends,
Which being by Spaine and France perceiu'd,
their tournie faſt for England bends.

And with good leaue they ſuffered were
within our Kingdome here to ſtay:
Which multitude made victuals deare,
and all things elſe from day to day.
For ſtrangers then did ſo increaſe,
by reaſon of King Henrics Quéene:
And priuileg'd in many a place
to dwell, as was in London ſéene.

Poore Tradeſmen had ſmall dealings then,
and who but ſtrangers beare the bell:
Which was a griefe to Engliſhmen,
to ſée them here in London dwell.
Wherefore (God wot) upon May Eue,
as Prentiſes on Maying went,
Who made the Magiſtrates beléeue
at all to haue no other intent.

But ſuch a May-game it was knowne,
as like in London neuer were:

For by the same full many a one
with loss of life did pay full dear,
For thousands there with Bills made
as with an Armie they should meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
of seuen strangers in the Street.

That all the Channels ran both with blood,
in euery Street where they remaind,
Yea, euery one in danger stood,
that any of their part maintaind.
The rich, the poore, the old, the young,
beyond the Seas then began and fled,
By Prentises thereafter wrong,
when armed thus they gathered head.

Such multitudes together went,
no warlike troopes could them withstand,
For yet by politie prevent,
what they by force thus tooke in hand,
Till at the last King Henries power
this multitude incompast round,
Where with the strength of Londons Towre,
they were by force suppresst and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martiall law
on Signe-posts at their masters doores,
By which the rest were kept in awe,

and frighted from such lewd byrasses:
And others which the fact repented,
two thousand Prentices at least,
Were all unto the King presented,
as Maior and Magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
through Temple-bar and Strand they goe
To Westminster, there to be tried,
with ropes about their necks also.
But such a crie in every street,
till then was never heard nor knowne,
By mothers for their children sweet,
unhappily thus overthrowne.

Whose bitter moanes and sad laments
pearst the Court with trembling feare,
Whereat the Queene her selfe relents,
though it concern'd her Country deare:
What if (quoth she) by Spanish blood
hatie Londons stately streets heere wet,
Yet will I seeke this Countries good,
and pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speake of me,
and say, Queene Katherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
these young men did these fortunes finde.

And so disrob'd from rich attires,
with haire hang'd downe the lowly vies,
And of her gracious Lord requires
a boone, which hardly he denies.

The lines, quoth she of all these blames
yet budding greene, these youths frames
Oh let them not haue timelesse tombes,
for nature longer limits gaue.
In saying so, the pearled teares
fell trickling from her Princely eies,
Whereat this gentle Queene he cheares,
and saies, Stand vp, Sweet Lady rise.

The lives of them I freely giue,
no meanes this kindnesse shall deface,
Thou hast the Boone and they may liue
to serue me in my Forraine warre.
As soone as this pardon giuen,
but peales of ioy rung through the Hall,
As though it thund'red Poesie from heauen,
the Queenes renowne amongst them all.
For which (kind Dame) with ioyful heart,
she gaue to them both thanks and praise,
And so from them diligently part,
and liu'd beloued all her daies.
And when King Henry stood in need

of trusty Souldiers in Command,
Those Prentises prou'd men indeed,
and fear'd no foes of warlike hand.

For at the Siedge of Towers in France,
they shew'd themselues braue Englishmen:
At Bullen then they did aduance
Saint Georges lucky Standard then.
Let Turwin, Turney, and those Townes,
that good King Henry nobly won,
Tell loud on Prentises renownes,
and of their deeds by them there done.

For Ill May-day, and ill may-games
perform'd in young and tender dayes,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
or Stains of Man-hood any wayes.
But it is held ordain'd by Law,
we see on May-dayes Euil at night,
To keep vnruly youths in awe,
by Londons Watch in Armour bright.

Still to preuent the like mischeef,
which dire through head strong youths
And that's the cause that I doe read,
May-day doth get so ill a name.

The life and death of the two Ladies of Finsbury, that gaue Moore-fields to the City, for the Maidens of London to drie Clothes in.

To the Tune of where is my true Loue.

YOu gallant London Damsels
a while to me giue eare,
And be you well contented
with that you now shall heare,
The deeds of two kinde Ladies
before you shall appeare,
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

At Finsbury there dwelled
a gallant noble Knight,
That for the loue of Iesus Christ,
desired for to fight:
And so vnto Ierusalem
he went in armour bright,
Oh Maiden of London so faire.

And charged both his daughters
vnmarried to remaine,
Till he from blessed Palestine
returned backe againe,
And then two louing husbands
for them he would obtaine,
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

When he was gone from England
a Knight of Rhodes to be,
His daughters both were well content,
though borne of good degrée,
To keepe themselues in meane estate
of liuing orderly.
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

The eldest of the two was nam'd
faire Mary, as is said,
Who made her secret vow to God,
to liue and die a Maid.
And so a true professed Nunne,
her selfe with speed conuaid.
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

Her garments were of mourning blacke,
befitting her desires:
Where at the house of Bedlam
the Abbesse she requires,
And entertainment to be made,
to their melodious Quires.
Oh sweet singing Maidens so faire.

Where in the Nunnery she remain'd,
beloued many a yeare,
Still spending day and night in prayers,
for her old Father deare:

Refusing worldly vanities,
with toy and pleasant cheere:
Oh heauen blessed Maiden so faire.

And in the name of Jesus Christ,
a holy Crosse did build,
Which some haue seene at Bedlam gate
adioyning to Moore field.
These be the blessed springing fruits
that chastitie doth yeeld.
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

If Englands great and Royall Queene
I should be made, quoth she,
Not halfe so well contented then
good Ladies should I be:
There is no life not halfe so sweet,
to virgins life I see.
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

Nor will I taste the ioyes of loue
belong to Mariage bed:
Nor to a King consent to yéld
my blooming Maiden-head,
Till from my Father I doe heare,
to be aliue or dead.
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

So Virgin-like she spent her dayes
about this pleasant Spring,

And vſde her ſelfe from time to time
vpright in euery thing:
Which cauſ'd the Ladies of this Land
her noble praiſe to ſing,
Oh Maidens of London ſo faire.

The younger of the Hibers mar'd
Dame Annis faire and cleare,
Which framed there a pleaſant Well,
by her eſteemed deare:
Where Wiues and Maidens daily came
to waſh, both farre and neare,
Oh heauen bleſſed Maiden ſo faire.

In it were all her earthly ioyes,
her comforts and delight,
About the ſame remaining ſtill
with pleaſure day and night;
As glorious as the golden Sunne,
in all his beames ſo bright.
Oh Maiden of London ſo faire.

The louely Ladies of the Land,
vnto Dame Annis went,
Perſwading this her ſingle life
was not the beſt content:
The Maried ſtate doth moſt command,
being ſtill to pleaſures bent.
Oh Maiden of London ſo faire.

And daily troopes of London Dames
vnto her did repaire,
With pureſt Lawnes and Cambricks fine,
to waſh both cleare and faire:
And rich imbroidred furnitures
of Child-bed linnen rare.
Oh Maidens of London ſo faire.

Thus liued theſe two Siſters here,
as you haue heard it told,
Till time had chang'd their beauteous cheeks
and made them wrinkled old:
Then from their father newes was brought,
how he was wrapt in mould.
Oh Maidens of London ſo faire.

For then the King of England ſame,
the Duke of Normandy,
Returned from Ieruſalem,
with fame and victorie:
And brought their Fathers heart in Lead,
here buried for to be,
Oh Maidens of London ſo faire.

This heart that ſpent his deareſt blood
for Jeſus Chriſt in heauen,
Being thus vnto his daughters twaine,
in kindneſſe brought and giuen,

Was

And vide her selfe from time to time
vpright in euery thing:
Which caus'd the Ladies of this Land
her noble praise to sing,
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

The younger of the Sisters nam'd
Dame Annis faire and cleare,
Which framed there a pleasant Well,
by her esteemed deare:
Where Wiues and Maidens daily came
to wash, both farre and neare,
Oh heauen blessed Maiden so faire.

In it were all her earthly ioyes,
her comforts and delight,
About the same remaining still
with pleasure day and night;
As glorious as the golden Sunne,
in all his beames so bright.
Oh Maiden of London so faire.

The louely Ladies of the Land,
vnto Dame Annis went,
Perswading this her single life
was not the best content:
The Maried state doth most command,
being still to pleasures bent.
Oh Maiden of London so faire.

And daily troopes of London Dames
vnto her did repaire,
With pureſt Lawnes and Cambricks fine,
to waſh both cleare and faire:
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This heart that ſpent his deareſt blood
for Jeſus Chriſt in heauen,
Being thus vnto his daughters twaine,
in kindneſſe brought and giuen,

Was

Was mourned for three hundred daies
from morning vnto euen.
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

And then with lamentations
(sweet Maidens) being weary,
Their aged Fathers noble heart
most solemnly did bury:
And gaue the place their Fathers name,
as sayes our English story.
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

Old Sir Iohn Fines he had to name,
being buried in that place,
Now since that called Finsburie,
to his renowme and grace:
Which times to come shall not out-weare,
nor yet the same deface.
Oh Maidens of London so faire.

And likewise when those Maidens died,
they gaue those pleasant fields
Vnto our London Citizens,
which it most brauely builds:
And now are made most pleasant walkes,
that great contentment yeelds,
To Maidens of London so faire.

Where lovingly both man and wife
may take the euening aire,

And

And London Dames to dye their cloathes
may thither still repaire:
For that intent most freely giuen
by these two Damsels faire,
Vnto the Maidens of London for euer.

An excellent Song, made on the Successors of King *Henry* the fourth.

To the Tune of O man in desperation.

WHen as the King of England died,
Edward the fourth by name,
He had two sonnes of tender yeares
for to succeed the same.
Then Richard Duke of Glocester,
desiring kingly sway,
Deuisd by treason how to make
his Nephewes both away.

He with the Duke of Buckingham,
did closely then contriue,
How he vnto the English Crowne
might happily atchiue.
Betwixt them both they laid a plot,
and both together went
To Stony-Stratford, where they met
our King incontinent.

This

This ſweet young King did entertaine
his Vncle loungly,
Not thinking on their ſecret drift,
and wicked treachery.
But then the Duke of Buckingham,
to ſet abroach the thing,
Began to quarrell for the nones
with them that kept the King.

And there they did areſt Lord Gray,
the Brother to the Queene:
Her other Brother Lord Riuers,
in France then was ſeene.
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewiſe
did then and there arreſt:
Thus was the King of all his friends
on ſudden diſpoſſeſt.

The King doth for his Vncles plead,
and would their ſureties be,
But both theſe Dukes would in no caſe
to his requeſt agree.
In briefe, theſe Noble men were ſent
to Pomfret Caſtle ſone,
Where ſecretly and ſuddenly
they there to death were done.

Then forth they brought the King alone
to London with great ſpeed,

Vſing

Using perswasions in such sort,
not to mislike their deed:
But when to London he was come,
for him they had prepar'd
The Bishops Palace there to hold,
but safely under guard.

And then Duke Richard takes on him
the keeping of the King,
Naming himselfe Lord Protector,
his purpose about to bring.
Devising how to get in hold,
the other brother too:
The which the Cardinall undertooke
full cunningly to doe.

The Cardinall then in all the haste
unto the Queene did come,
Using perswasions in such sort,
he got the other Sonne:
And then they both incontinent
unto the Tower were sent,
After which time they ne're came forth,
for death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the meanes
to worke these Princes death,
Did cause James Terrils hired men
full soone to stop their breath:

Myles Forrest and James Diggens, both
these wicked careleſſe men,
Were made the inſtruments of blond,
to worke theſe murders then.

Theſe Princes lying in their beds,
being ſweetly arme in arme,
Not thinking on this vild intent,
or meaning any harme:
Theſe villaines in their Feather-beds,
did wrap them up in haſte,
And with the cloathes did ſmother them,
till life and breath was paſt.

But when they were ſo murthered,
where no man yet did knowe:
But marke the iudgement of the Lord,
did ſharpe reuenge ſome ſhowe.

Betwixt theſe Dukes within ſhort ſpace,
ſuch diſcord there was bred,
That Buckingham to pleaſe the King,
was ſorſt to loſe his head.

Then Richard in his kingly ſeat,
no reſt nor eaſe could finde:
The murther of his Nephewes did
ſo ſore torment his minde:
He neuer could take quiet reſt,
his life he ſtill did feare,

His

His hand vpon his dagger was,
and none might come him neare.

At length the Earle of Richmond came
with such a puissant hand,
That this vsurping King was faine,
in his defence to stand:
And meeting him at Bosworth field,
they fought with heart full faine,
But God (for shedding Princes bloud)
caus'd Richard to be slaine.

Then being dead, vpon a Horse
all naked he was borne:
His flesh for to cut and mangled,
his haire all rent and torne.
And then Earle Richmond worthily,
for this his deed of faine,
Of England he was Crowned King,
Henry the seuenth by name,

From whose most Royall loynes did spring
that famous King of might,
Henry the eight, whose worthy deeds
our Chronicles recite.
Then dying left his Land and Crowns
to Edward his sweet Sonne,
Whose gracious reigne all England rew'd
his time so soone was run.

His

His Sister Mary did succeed,
next Princesse in this Land,
But in her time blinde ignorance
against Gods truth did stand.
Which causeth many a Martyrs bloud
be shed in ruthfull sore,
But God did Englands woes regard,
and turn'd those sorrowes to grace.

At length the other sister came,
Elizabeth late Queene,
And she relieu'd her subiects hearts,
from griefe and sorrow cleane.
She spent her dayes in peace and ioy,
and died Gods seruant true,
And now enioyes a place in Heauen,
amongst the blessed crew.

Next her succeeded mighty Iames
likewise of Henries race,
His maiesty with royall right,
deserues this worthy place.
Whose Progenie God long preserue,
this Kingdome for to sway,
And send all subiects loyall hearts,
their Soueraigne to obey.

The

The Princely Story of the six Queenes that were maried to *Henry* the eight, late King of England.

To the Tune of Welladay.

WHen Englands fame did ring,
royally, royally,
Of Henry the eighth our King,
all the world over:
Such deeds then of Maiesty,
Won he most worthily,
England to glorifie,
by the hand of faire heauen.

His Royall Father dead,
curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in Lead,
as it appeareth:
Such a tombe he did make
For his sweet Fathers sake,
As the whole world may speake
of his gallant glory.

Englands braue monument,
sumptuously, sumptuously,
Kings and Queenes gaue consent,
to haue it there graced:

Henry the eighth was he,
Builded it gallantly,
With golden bravery,
in his rich Chappell:

And after did provide,
carefully, carefully,
To chuse a Princely Bride,
for his Lands honour:
His Brothers widdow he
Maried most lawfully,
His lovely wife to be
Royall Queene Katherine.

Katherine of Spaine his first Wife.

Which Queene he loued deare,
many a day, many a day,
Full two and twenty yeare,
ere they were parted:
From this renowned Dame,
Mary his daughter came,
Yet did his Bishops frame,
to haue her divorced.

When as Queene Katherine knew
how the King, how the King
Prov'd in love most untrue,
thus to forsake her:
God Lord what bitter woe,

Did

Did this faire Princeſſe ſhow?
Unkindly thus to goe
from her ſweet Husband

Oh my kind Soueraigne deare,
ſaid the Quéene, ſaid the Quéene,
Full two and twenty yeare
haue we beene maried.
Sure it will breake my heart,
From thée now to depart,
I neuer plaid wantons part,
Royall King Henry.

All this auailed nought,
wofull Quéene, wofull Quéene,
A diuorce being wrought,
ſhe muſt forſake him:
Neuer more in his bed,
Laid ſhe her Princely head,
Was euer wife ſo beſtead,
like to Quéene Katherine.

Amongſt our Engliſhmen,
of renowne, of renowne,
The Earle of Wilſhire then,
had a vertuous faire daughter,
A braue and Princely Dame,
Anna Bulkein by name.

Anna Bulkein his ſecond wife.

This Virgin was by fame,
made wife to King Henry.

from this fame Royall Queene,
blessedly, blessedly,
As it was knowne and seene,
came our sweet Princesse,
Englands Elizabeth,
Fairest Queene on the earth,
Happy made by her birth
was this braue Kingdome.

When Anna Bulleins place,
of a Queene, of a Queene,
Had beene full three yeares space,
more was her sorrow:
In the Kings Royall hand,
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the Queene her head,
in London strong Tower.

Then tooke to wife Lady Iane,
louingly, louingly,
That from the Semers caine,
nobly descended:
But her loue bought the deare,
She was but Queene one yeare,

Iane Semer his third wife.

In

In Child-bed she died we heare
of Royall King Edward.

England then vnderstand,
famously, famously,
Princes three of this Land,
thus came from three Queenes,
Katherine gaue Mary birth,
Anna Elizabeth,
Iane, Edward by her death,
all Crowned in England.

After these married he
all in fame, all in fame,
A Dame of dignitie,
faire Anne of Cleue,
Her sorrow soone was seene,
Onely six months a Queene,
Graces but growing greene,
so quickly diuorced.

Anne of Cleue his fourth Wife.

Yet liu'd she with griefe to see,
wofull Queene, wofull Queene,
Two more as well as she
maried vnto King Henrie,
To enioy loues delights,
On their sweet wedding nights,
Which were her proper rights,
mournfull young Princesse.

First a sweet gallant Dame,
nobly borne, nobly borne:
Which had vnto her name
faire Katherine Howard.
But ere two yeares were past,
Disliking grew so fast,
She lost her head at last
small time of glory. Katherine Howard his fifth Wife

After her Katherine Parre,
made he Queene, made he Queene,
Late wife to Lord Latimer,
braue English Baron.
This Lady of renowne,
Deserued not a frowne,
Whilst Henry wore his Crowne
of thrice famous England. Katherine Parre his sixth Wife

Sir Royall Queenes you see
gallant Dames, gallant Dames,
At command married he,
like a great Monarch.
Yet liues his famous name,
Without spot or defame,
From Royall Kings he came,
whom all the world feared.

The lamentable complaint of Queene *Mary*, for the vnkinde departure of King *Philip*, in whoſe abſence ſhe fell ſicke and died.

To the Tune of Crimſon Velvet.

MAry doth complaine,
Ladies be you moued
With my lamentations,
and my bitter mourne:
Philip King of Spaine,
whom in heart I loued,
From his Royall Queene
vnkindly now is gone.
Upon my bed I lye,
Sicke and like to die,
helpe me Ladies to lament:
For in heart I feare
Ye loues a Lady deare
better can his loue content.
Oh Philip moſt vnkinde,
Beare not ſuch a minde,
to leaue the daughter of a King:
Gentle Prince of Spaine,
Come, come againe,
and ſweet content to thée Ile bring.

For thy Royall ſake,
this my Countries danger,

And my Subiects woes
I daily did procure,
My burning loue to slake,
noble Princely stranger,
And the same to moue;
where it was settled fast.
Diuers in this Land
Against my foes did stand,
pawning of their liues therefore:
And for the same were slaine.
Gentle King of Spaine,
streets ran downe with purple gore:
Forty thousand men,
All in Armour then,
this noble Kingdome did prouide:
Before thou shouldest receiue
To marry Enlands Queene,
or I be made thy gallant Bride.

But now my great good will,
I see is not regarded,
And my fauours kinde,
are here forgotten quite:
My good is paide with ill,
and with hate rewarded,
Vnhappy Queene,
left here in wofull plight,
On our English shore,

Neuer

Neuer shall I more,
thy comely personage behold,
Nor vpon the Throne,
Gloriously be showne,
in thy purpled robes of gold:
Oh my heart is slaine,
Sorrow, care, and paine
dwels within my sobbing brest:
Death approacheth neare me,
Because thou wilt not cheare me,
thou gallant King of all the West.

Those Jewels and those Rings,
and that golden Treasure,
First to win my loue
thou brought'st out of Spaine:
Now vnto me brings
no delight nor pleasure,
But a sorrowing feare
which euer will remaine.
Thy Picture when I see,
Much amazeth me,
causing teares amaine to flow,
The substance being gone,
Pleasures I haue none,
but lamentable sighes of woe:
Thy Chaire of State adorned.
Seemes as if it mourned,

binding

binding vp mine eyes with weeping:
And when that I am led
Vnto my mariage bed,
sorrow keepes me still from sleeping.

Come you Ladies kinde,
bring my Gowne of Sable,
For I now must mourne
the absence of my Lord:
You see my loue-sicke minde
is no longer able
To endure the sting
of Cupids pricking sword:
My dying heart doth rest
In Philips Princely brest,
my bosome keepes no heart at all,
But euer will abide
In secret by his side,
and follow him through Bower and Hall.
Though I liue disdained,
Yet my loue vnfained
shall remaine both chast and pure,
And euermore will proue
As constant as the Doue,
and thus shall Mary still endure.

Ring out my dying knell,
Ladies so renowned,
For your Queene must die,

and

and all her pompe forſake:
England now farewell,
for the fates haue frowned,
And now readie ſtands
my breathing life to take:
Conſume with ſpéed to ayre,
Fading Ghoſt ſo faire,
with thy milke-white wings goe flye:
Where ſitting on the Throne,
Let my loue be ſhowne,
that for his ſake is forc'd to dye.
Be for euer bleſſed,
Though I dye diſtreſſed,
gallant King of high renowne:
The Quéene now broken hearted
From this world is parted,
in the heauens to weare a Crowne.

The Battell of Agen-Court, betweene the Engliſhmen and Frenchmen.

To the Tune of, When Flying Fame.

A Counſell graue our King did hold,
with many a Lord and Knight,
That they might truly vnderſtand
that France did hold his right.
Vnto the King of France therefore
Ambaſſadors were ſent,

That

That he might fully vnderſtand
his minde and whole intent:

Deſiring him in friendly wiſe,
his lawfull right to yeeld,
Or elſe he vow'd by dint of ſword
to win the ſame in field.
The King of France with all his Lords,
which heard his meſſage plaine,
Vnto our braue Ambaſſadors,
did anſwer in diſdaine,

And ſaid, our King was yet too young,
and of too tender age,
Therefore we weigh not of his warres,
nor feare not his courage.
His knowledge is in feats of armes
as yet but very ſmall,
His tender ioynts more fitter were
to tolle a Tennis ball.

A Tun of Tennis-bals therefore,
in pride and great diſdaine
He ſent vnto our noble King,
to recompence his paine:
Which anſwer when our King did heare,
he wared wroth in heart,
He ſaid, ſuch bals he would prounde,
ſhould make all France to ſmart,

An

An Armie then our King did raise,
which was both good and strong,
And from South-hampton is our King
with all his Navie gone:
In France he landed safe and sound,
with all his warlike traine:
Unto the Towne of Hurslew next,
he marched up amaine.

But when he had besieg'd the same,
against the fenced wals,
To batter downe their stately Towers,
he sent his English balles.
This done, our noble English King
marcht up and downe the Land,
And not a French-man for his life
durst once his force withstand.

Untill he came to Agen-Court,
whereas it was his chance,
To finde the King in readinesse
with all his power of France,
A mighty Host he had prepar'd
of armed Souldiers then,
Which were no lesse by iust account,
than forty thousand men

Which sight did much amaze our King,
for he and all his Host

Not

Not passing fiftéene thousand had,
accounted with ths most.
The King of France, which well did know
the number of our men,
In vaunting pride vnto our Prince,
did send a Harrold then.

To vnderstand what he would giue
for ransome of his life,
When they in field had taken him,
amidst their bloudy strife.
But then our King with chéerefull heart
this answer then did make,
And said, before this comes to passe,
some of your hearts shall quake.

And to your proud presumptuous Prince
declare this thing quoth he,
Mine owne heart bloud shall pay the price,
none else he gets of me.
With that bespake the Duke of Yorke,
O noble King (quoth he)
The leading of this battell braue,
vouchsafe to giue it me.

God amercy Tolin Yorke, quoth he,
I grant thée thy request,
Then march thou on couragiously,
and I will lead the rest.

Then

Then came the bragging French-men downe
with cruell force and might,
With whom our noble King begun
a hard and cruell fight.

The Archers they diſcharg'd their ſhafts,
ſo thicke as hayle from ſkie,
That many a French-man in the field
that happie day did die,
The Horſe-men tumbled on the ſtakes,
and ſo their lines they loſt,
And many a French-man there was tane
as priſoners to their coſt.

Ten thouſand men that day were ſlaine,
of enemies in the field,
And eke as many priſoners
that day were forc'd to yéeld.
Thus had our King a happy day,
and victorie ouer France,
And brought them quickly vnder foot,
that late in pride did prance.

The Lord preſerue our noble King,
and grant to him likewiſe,
The vpper hand and victorie,
of all his Enemies.

FINIS.